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Christian Endeavor
A BRIEF HISTORY

Review
Of the
Work . . .



* Home for Seamen *

By

JOHN MAKINS

. . . Manager.



NAGASAKI
JAPAN . . .

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HOME FOR SEAMEN.

Originated by the Floating Endeavor Society of the U. S. S. "Charleston."
Dedicated February 3rd, 1896.



THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SEAMEN'S HOME.
As it now stands. Opened December 8th, 1897.



THE OFFICE.

*Some . . .
Interested
Workers .*



Miss MELTON.



Miss A. P. JONES.



Rev. E. N. WALNE.



Mr. and Mrs. MAKINS.



Rt. Rev. Bishop EVINGTON.



Miss YOUNG.



Mr. H. LAWSON.



Miss LANCING.



Rev. C. H. MYERS

**THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HOME FOR SEAMEN,
Nagasaki, Japan.**

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BRIEF HISTORY.

In the year 1895 the U. S. S. *Charleston* was laid up for ten months in Nagasaki harbor with a broken shaft. This long stay, seems to have been providential, for had it not been so, there would not, in all probability, have been started a Home for seamen in Nagasaki.

Its beginning was due to the little band of Floating Christian Endeavorers on board the *Charleston*. These men found in Nagasaki conditions that do not exist in the home-land, namely, a city without a decent place for men in seamen's uniform. After being turned out from the higher class places, and having nothing left but to patronise the low saloons and brothels, they took up the matter and discussed the idea of starting a Seamen's Christian Home.

After a prayerful conference they decided themselves to start the ball rolling by giving six hundred yen, equal to \$300.00 U. S. gold. (There were fifteen men in the Society). In addition to that they raised, from the officers and men, four hundred and twenty-eight yen; this sum, one thousand and twenty-eight yen, was then handed to Miss Elizabeth Russell, of the Methodist Girls' School, and, through her faith and prayer, the Home got the support and some financial aid from the resident missionaries.



Miss Elizabeth Russell.



The Late
Carlton H. Jencks.

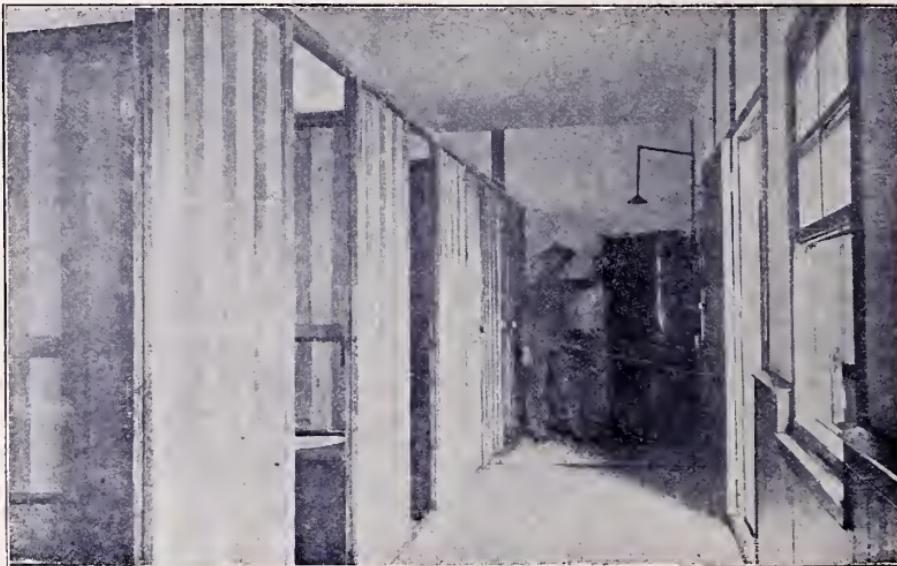
Carlton H. Jencks, the president of the *Charleston C. E. Society*, was an untiring worker for the Home and its interests. When transferred he went to the school of gunnery and was promoted to gunners' mate, third class. From this school he was transferred to the U. S. S. *Maine* and, with two other Christian Endeavor martyrs, was killed in the disaster in Havana harbor.

A site for the new Home was chosen at No. 26 Oura, then a low saloon,

kept by a colored man. It was purchased for 3,000 yen and opened to seamen February 3rd, 1896.

Since that time it has grown from a small, struggling, lifeless institution to its present strength and equipment.

Two new additions to the Home have been built, and seven new bath-rooms have been put in recently.



SOME OF THE BATH ROOMS, AND A SHOWER.



THE CARLTON H. JENCKS MEMORIAL ROOM.

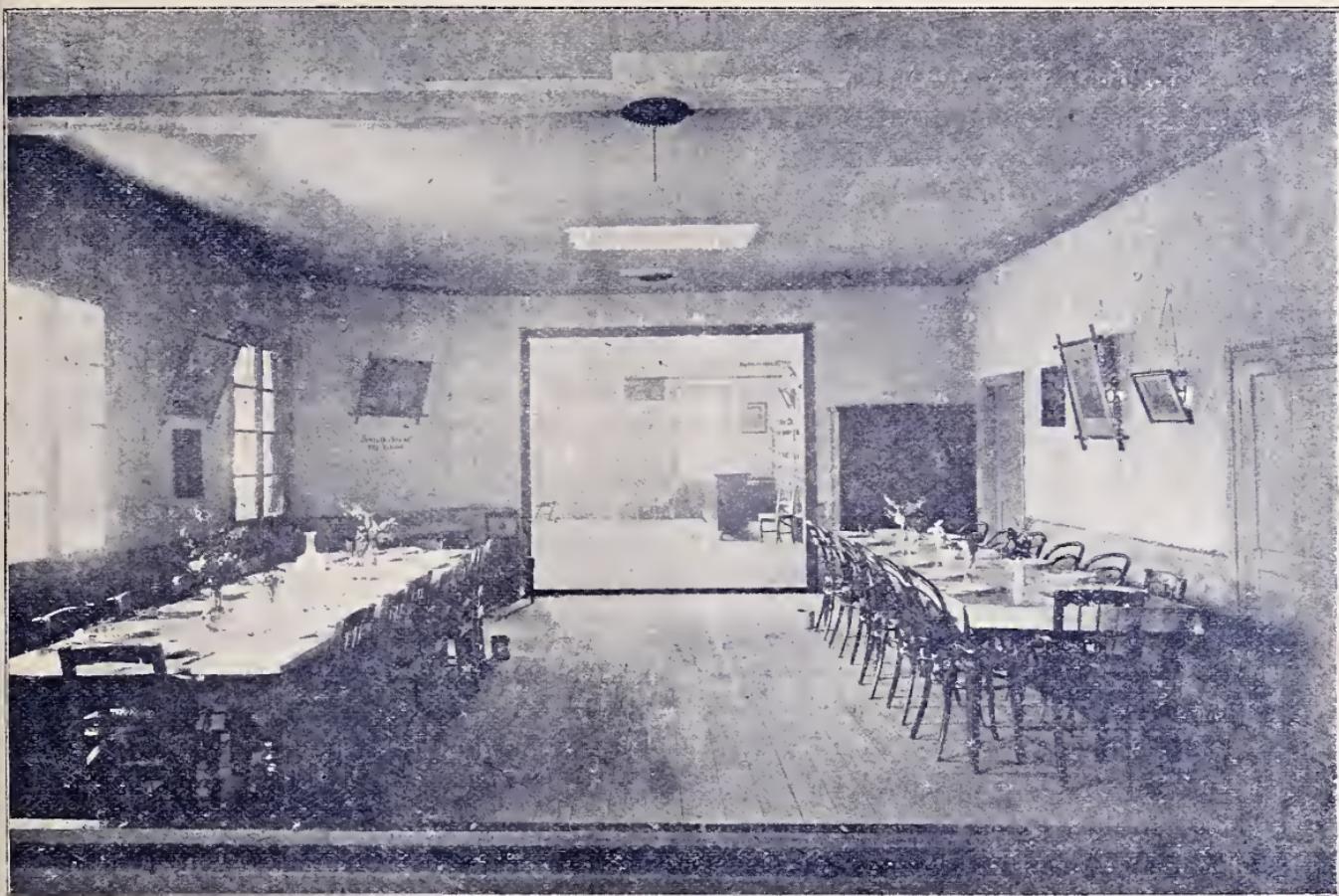
The sleeping accommodations consist of seventy-five beds, but when these are all taken, many are satisfied to take what they call a "shakedown" (a blanket and pillow on the floor). The largest number ever in the Home at one time over-night was 101.

The object of the Home has always been the uplifting of seamen and soldiers. Its doors are open to all such from six a.m. until eleven p.m.; all that is asked is that men will behave themselves in a respectable manner.

DISCIPLINE.

To keep discipline is one of the hard things, especially when men have been drinking the cursed liquor; men in a drunken state are unreasonable, and sometimes have to be ejected for the sake of peace in the Home.

One instance, which happened at two o'clock in the morning, will show how easy it is to have trouble. Two seamen, under the influence of drink, came in for beds. Before retiring the older of the two placed his money under his pillow. About 2:00 a.m. he dreamt that he saw his friend and shipmate take this money, and, quicker than a flash, he was out of bed and began to thrash his roommate, which resulted in two being able to play the same game. The man on night duty hearing the trouble ordered them out into the yard if they wanted to continue, and, without waiting to dress, they went out and fought until the blood ran freely. When they thought they had enough, they washed themselves and went to bed, when the man who had been dreaming found his money where he had put it. Next day they laughed and talked over how it happened.



THE DINING ROOM.—Where 48,000 meals have been served.

Another instance: One evening while we were holding a gospel service in the chapel which adjoins the dining-room where there were some men at supper, who did not care to come to the meeting, we heard a thud like the fall of a man on the floor.

Sailors when drinking, as a rule, have much to say about their work—how well some of their shipmates do their work and how poorly others attend to their duties. Sometimes old grudges will start men talking in such a way as to very soon bring things to a climax. The evening in question, however, I do not know what the trouble started over, but when I entered the dining-room I found two sailors engaged in a fight. The easiest way to stop a fight is to take the first one you can lay your hands upon and hurry him out. I did so, and the trouble was all over. I returned and continued the meeting, but was so glad that I had previously arranged for someone else to preach the sermon.

You can imagine one's unpreparedness to speak in a gospel meeting after just having stopped a fight. One is seldom in a frame of mind that is enviable after such an occurrence. A minister of the gospel once told me that previous to preaching, he always wanted to be alone with God for hours. I have wondered how that would work in my case. Frequently we are so busy all day as to have not so much as a minute we can call our own; then again we sometimes hold a service at a minute's notice.

A few nights ago I was repairing our "baby" organ, and after it was all fixed, played a hymn to see if it was all right. Immediately in came six soldiers, who looked at me questioningly. I said I was just repairing the organ. They replied, "We thought you were going to hold a meeting; we have not attended a service for over a year." I said, "Well, we can easily have a meeting." So the lamps were lighted, and one of the most blessed meetings I have ever held was the result.

PITIABLE DEBAUCHERY.

One of the most pitiable sights we have to witness almost daily is to see how seamen and soldiers are robbed of their manhood. Boys, their first time away from home, in a helpless state of drunkenness, are carried in oftentimes and put in the room especially reserved for drunken men. Young men, many of whom evidently have had good training, come in, or are brought in, in the same condition; middle aged men, who have learned to like liquor, their faces a red flush from too much indulgence; old men, who must have whiskey because of their long drink-habit; some from all these classes can be seen on the streets in the most degraded state whenever ships are in port and men have liberty to come ashore. It makes many of the decent residents ashamed to see their countrymen so disgrace the Christian country from which they come. You may imagine the influence of such representatives of enlightened Christian countries upon the Japanese mind.

Many of these seamen and soldiers, having been cut off from liquor for a time, by a long sea voyage, succumb to the awful "stuff" that is sold here; it has brought many a poor fellow to the grave in less than a month.



Not an Uncommon Sight in the streets of Nagasaki.

A CONVICT'S SAD END.

One evening, after being out on a little business, I returned to the Home and was surprised to find an American with a good looking face, standing at the soda fountain counter, in the queerest "make up" I ever saw. He had on a pair of Chinese coolie pants (that came down only to his ankles), a pair of Japanese coolie straw shoes or sandals, an undershirt made of cotton netting, and a baby's knitted wool cap on his head. I was so ashamed of his appearance that I immediately gave him a pair of pants, a shirt, and a coat. I am not sure, however, but that his improved appearance did me as much, if not more, good than it did him.

I had a talk with the man and asked him where he came from; he said he had walked from Kobe, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles. I knew better, but did not tell him so. The next day he came again, drunk, and yet not too drunk to understand that I did not appreciate his visit in that condition. The next time he came in he was sober, and told me he was an artist--that he could do engraving, fancy shell work, rubber stamps, etc., etc. I gave him a piece of rubber and he made me a very good stamp for my envelopes, and that too with a common jack knife. I learned that the man was an escaped prisoner from the U. S. army, and that he had swam ashore from a transport in Nagasaki harbor.

Escaped prisoners and deserters from the U. S. army and English navy are frequent visitors here, so I did not think much about it, though at every opportunity I told him what a wreck he was making of his life and pointed him to Christ. Sometimes he came for a free bed, which was given him, but before he had been thirty days in Nagasaki, he took desperately sick.

The doctor who examined him said to me, "You had better get him into an hospital," but as no hospital would admit him, I decided the best way was to give him up as an escaped convict. I therefore informed the quartermaster, U. S. Consul, and the army officers on board the U. S. hospital ship *Relief*, and he was ordered aboard, where he died twenty-four hours later from the effects of drink.

A LUNATIC'S NARROW ESCAPE.

We have comparatively little trouble, except that caused by liquor, and the "stuff" sold here is inspected by no one save the saloon keeper, who buys to make all he can out of it. I have seen men so insane from the effects of Nagasaki liquor that I had to lock them up for the safety of all concerned.

One poor fellow (who had been a U. S. hospital nurse), a typical Irishman, came to me, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, said, "I have been drinking and now all my money is gone. I have no place to go, nothing to eat; but if you will kindly let me work for my food, I will appreciate it." I felt sorry for the poor fellow, and his request was granted. The house was full of both soldiers and sailors, and the only place he could get to sleep was on the benches in the gospel room. He did not sleep much, however, as he felt sick. The next day he was too ill to work, but in the evening he came in to go to bed. After lying down awhile, he came to me in a hurry and told how an American sergeant was talking about him, and how those English blue-jackets were going to fight him. I suspected his mind was going, so took him to a doctor to get a sleeping draught, but I could not get the man

back to the Home; all that night he wandered over the surrounding hills with the idea that "those English blue-jackets" were after him.

The next day I gave him some work to do to see if that would help him forget his troubles, but he seemed to be getting worse. A hospital nurse, whom I knew and who had worked with him on board the *Relief*, came into the Home. I explained to him how crazy the Irishman was getting, and the nurse wisely advised me to have nothing to do with crazy men, as one cannot trust them anywhere. He started toward the kitchen, and just as he got to the door, the Irishman imagined he heard the nurse calling him bad names, so he hit the nurse and might have killed him had it not been for the assistant manager. I was in the storeroom, and, when I heard loud yelling, rushed in to see what was the matter. I found my Irish friend very much excited, and tried to explain to him that he had hit a friend instead of an enemy, whereupon he asked the man's pardon. I immediately, however, took him down to jail, and had him locked up in a strong cell, where the poor fellow went violently insane and attempted suicide, but was prevented therefrom. When whiskey was once out of his system he improved and was released. I again gave him some work to do, which was done with a willing heart, and when he was fully recovered, I got him a position as nurse on an army transport sailing for San Francisco.

"BEACH-COMBERS."

Enlisted men, as a rule, do not give us much trouble. Of course occasionally one comes in, full of both prejudice and whiskey, and gives vent to his feelings in very abusive

language. We know, however, how to handle this kind of men, but those meanest of all to work for is the class of men who in this Eastern country seek food and shelter without money to pay for the same. Since I came to Nagasaki we have given away to this class 2,672 meals and 1,086 lodgings.

We have these men continually with us, and they are known by the name of "Beach-combers." Most all of these beings are the victims of drink, and will resort to almost anything to obtain whiskey, even to selling the clothes on their backs, often going about the streets begging, without shoes, or hat, having on only a pair of trousers and a shirt to cover their nakedness.

The first place they try is the "Home," where they are often helped to food and clothing, but they will not appreciate even that. I cannot explain why, but my experience has been that, no matter how much you give them there is always something that you haven't given them, and so they are greatly displeased with Christianity and everything connected with it. Their expectations seem to be that we will give them three free meals a day, good beds to sleep in, have servants wait on them, allow them to wake up the house whenever they get ready to come in at night, and that we will have enough Christianity about us to take all their abuse; then when a position is secured for one of them, he desires the right to leisurely decide whether he will accept or refuse it.

Judging from the large majority of cases with which I have met I would pronounce the "Beach-comber" a man who has refused all the usual means of making a livelihood—who absolutely refuses to do any honest work—and having been given up by everybody as hopeless, becomes reckless and thus throws himself away.

I have seen them come into the Home looking like savages, and making demands for

meals. On one occasion one went to the kitchen and ate a raw egg—shell and all—and then deliberately took his thin undershirt (the only one he had left after selling his clothes) and, tearing it off, said, “Now my shirt is torn, give me another.” I took a needle and thread and sewed it up for him, telling him he must try a better scheme than that if he wanted a shirt.

The night being cold and dark, I trembled to put him out, so gave him a bed, but warned him that if he left the Home the following morning to get whiskey, I would do nothing more for him, but that if he stayed in, and would keep sober, I would buy him a ticket to a place where he could get work. I did so, but learned that he did not get the position, and being in greener fields, resorted to his old tricks until he had worked them all, when some one was so anxious to get him out of his town that he bought him a ticket to the next port.

I am sorry to say there is too much of this kind of charity done to get rid of “Beach-combers,” so they continue to go around the world pestering people until they send them on.

The cut shows a typical “Beach-comber” (a Liverpool Irishman) who borrowed a coat and vest in which to get his picture taken. This man has been in Nagasaki nearly a year; was taken into the Home three times, but as he would not accept any of the three positions that were offered him, I had to put him out. How this man exists is a problem, but being up in years the sailors take pity on him and give him a little money, which is supposed to be for something to eat. Just now, however, he is eating his three meals of rice in jail and is a little



A Typical “Beach-comber.”

independent. When not in jail, he with others, sleep in sampans (Japanese boats) or in empty houses, if they can get in; they drink Japanese saké, which can be procured for five cents per quart. Saké will make them as drunk as whiskey, but is much harder on the constitution.

The day he had his picture taken he told us who had stolen our chickens on Christmas eve, and how good they tasted to them.

In the majority of cases where free meals and lodgings have been given to men in distress we have been assured by them that the money would be sent as soon as employment could be secured; up to date, however, I can say that in only one case has money been received for past favors, and then the man repented of it when his pocket got empty the following day and asked for its return; at least he asked to "borrow" the money, though with many promises to repay soon. I gave it to him, telling him not to trouble himself about it, that we now stood just as we had before. I always tell a man who says he is going to send us money not to do it; that what he has received has been given him.

RACIAL FRICTION

One of the most awful things we see on the public streets of Nagasaki is fighting between sailors of different nations. It generally happens in the saloons, but they are so small for a half-dozen or a dozen men to fight in, that usually, after making the saloon look like some of Mrs. Nation's wrecks, they go out into the streets to finish. Crowds of Japanese assemble to see how it is done; the Japanese police are called, but they have to take a back seat or

get hurt. When a saloon fight occurs, bottles full of beer and whiskey are used as missiles, which makes the saloon look like a place after a fire ; benches, chairs, tables—everything breakable—go like a flash.

Recently serious fighting was expected between English men-of-war's men and Frenchmen ; the day dragged on with hundreds of curious people on the streets to see what would happen. Frenchmen could be seen with the French and Russian flags flying from their hats, and when the cowards would overtake a small party of Britishers, they would wave the flags in their faces ; one Frenchman had a picture of the late Queen Victoria in his hand and was spitting on it. This naturally aroused a spirit of resentment in the hearts of the Britishers, and small fights occurred whenever they would meet.

Several men on both sides were seriously hurt, and one poor British boy, all alone and in a jinricksha, was hit with a brick on the head and died three days later. Another innocent Britisher, a petty officer, was killed in the street with a sword cane in the hands of a French Zouave. The ships' officers were notified, and, as a result, all seamen and soldiers were ordered on board their ships.

We buried the petty officer in the foreign cemetery here, and it was a sad sight to see the shipmates tenderly lay the coffin on the gun-carriage and bear it to the grave. About 300 blue-jackets, with the Admiral, captain, and officers of H. B. M. ship *Barfleur*, a small detachment of French and German sailors, and some residents followed the remains to the grave.

Three days later the other unfortunate lad was buried in the same way, with full military honors.

INHUMAN TREATMENT OF SEAMEN.

I am sure that seamen are often driven to desperation by cruel and unjust officers, and that much of their devilish work on shore is the direct result of inhuman treatment aboard. And yet it is also true that some men bring this inhuman treatment upon themselves. By the time a ship's crew has finished their liberty on shore, one can get a very fair idea of the kind of officers who have charge of their ship.

I have sometimes seen the same ship's crew under bad and good officers; under bad officers the crew seemed to come ashore in a wild, desperate way, and would drink and yell like fiends, break their liberty, in fact do anything that is bad, while under good officers, with but few exceptions, the crew comes ashore and enjoy themselves in a more respectable way, and when their liberty is finished go aboard on time.

On board one of the chartered American transports the crew were given shore liberty, but they had not received any money for about three months, and the captain refusing to give them any in Nagasaki, they would not return to the ship until taken aboard by Japanese police. They had trouble all the way out, and the crew told me it was principally because the chief engineer was a brute. They said he had worked two sick men so hard that they had committed suicide—one jumping through the ash-shute between San Francisco and Honolulu, the other taking his life in like manner between Honolulu and Manila. One of the victims said if he had to die he would not die in the stoke hole.

The soldiers on board were so incensed that they wanted revenge on the chief engineer, and getting him in a corner threatened to throw him overboard, and probably would have done so had not the army officers interfered in time.

Many a sailor has the manhood knocked out of him until he is cowed down like a cur this way of treating men has certainly a hardening effect on their character, and they naturally come to feel that they have not much to live for.

The captain of the *Morgan City* (which was wrecked in the Inland Sea) was tried in San Francisco and found guilty of cruelty. The act was done in Nagasaki just before the ship was ready to sail ; it was my privilege to go aboard and see the state of things for myself. I found the firemen all on a strike, refusing to go to sea with such a man, saying they were afraid to do so. A fireman had been drinking, and, as a result had an altercation with the captain and attempted to strike him. The captain, who has an uncontrollable temper, picked up a Mauser rifle and broke it over the fireman's head, making a bad gash in the back of his head. When I saw the man he was delirious.

A doctor was called, who said that if the man had treatment going across, he might be able to pull through, but I doubt whether the poor fellow will ever have good sense again.

CHRISTIAN FIDELITY AFLOAT.

We have had some wonderful meetings ashore and afloat. Conversions have not been so many on account of the transient class we meet. But bread thrown upon the waters often meets with good results, even though we may never hear from it again.

It is very encouraging, however, to hear from sailors who tell us of conversions which have resulted from our meetings held on their ship while in port. Many of the ship's crews

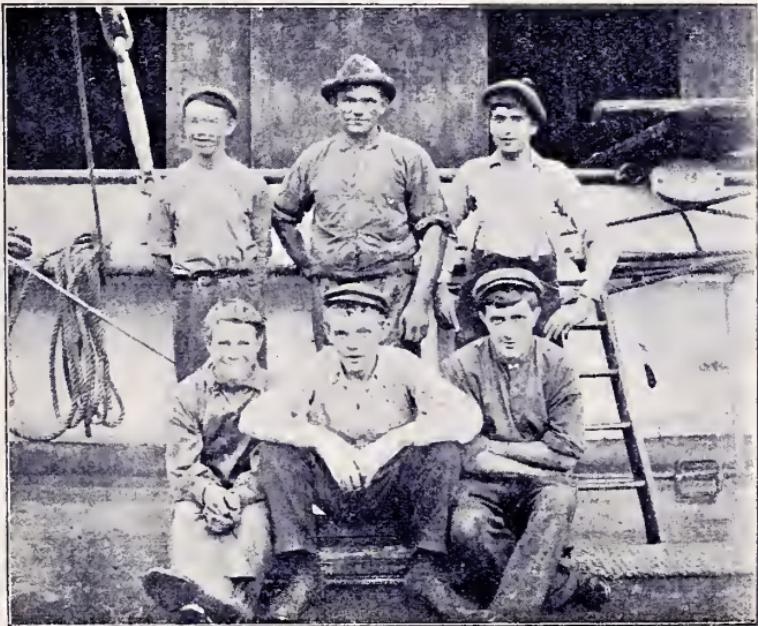
hear the gospel, and, at a future time, join the little band of Christians aboard their ship and serve God faithfully and well.

One of the most marvelous things I have heard of came in a recent letter from a sailor on H. B. M. S. *Hermione*. The *Hermione* was in Nagasaki about two years ago, and at that time there was only one professing Christian man aboard, but during the two years twenty-seven more have come to the Saviour. These Christian sailors hold regular meetings aboard their ship, and at every opportunity encourage their ship-mates to accept Jesus. Not being satisfied confining their efforts to their own ship, they go off to other warships and hold services, giving their testimony as to God's grace and keeping power.

ASHORE WITHOUT

LIBERTY.

Sailors are great men to take what they call "French leave" (come on shore without permission), and I have seen a great many do it in



FLOATING C. E. MERCHANTMEN.



THE CHAPEL.—Showing picture of Elmer Melstrom, killed on U. S. S. *Maine*.

ship, but a man can afford to suffer bodily inconvenience, or financial loss, if thereby he may gain eternal salvation. In this case we had held a meeting on a sailing ship called the *Dundee*, and a young man had sat with his eyes fixed upon me most intently, drinking in every word. At the close of the meeting I asked if there were not some who wanted to then settle the question of salvation, but no one seemed to want to make a start; the young man thought about what he had heard and decided in that dark and dingy

Nagasaki; some want to get drunk, some want to buy Japanese curios, others may desire to call on a friend, and so, for various reasons, they will come without permission. But I have to record a phenomenal case of "French leave." A sailor came ashore one Sunday night to get saved, and to join the Floating Christian Endeavor Society. He probably received some punishment when he returned to his

forecastle to have a full and free pardon from sin, and he got it in our chapel the following Sunday night.

Many more have given their hearts to God there ; some, whom we hope to meet some day, are gone to glory ; many men are still refusing who might make valiant servants for the Lord.

REFUSING SALVATION.

I have been much impressed as, from time to time, I read the names of the dead—the result of the troubles in China—to find that a number of the killed had been frequenters of the Home. Possibly some of them had heard about the importance of accepting Christ now and had accepted Him ; it is possible, too, that some refused to hear and died the way they lived. That passage in the third chapter of Romans which says, “There is no fear of God before their eyes,” is illustrated by so many lives we meet that it always makes me feel sad when I see men who have no fear of God. An instance worthy of note happened on the march of one of our U. S. regiments to Peking. I was told what I am about to relate by a soldier, after I had addressed a gospel meeting in the Y. M. C. A. in Manila. He said, “While on the march to Peking, I heard a soldier in my company say to a crowd of us as we got up one morning early, expecting to go into battle soon, ‘Well, fellows, this is my last day on earth. I am going to die to-day at half-past eleven, so that I can get into hell for lunch.’” I was told further that the poor fellow was killed by a shell that morning at about half-past eleven.

ENTREATING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A Busy Day with the 31st U. S. Infantry.

Transports loaded down with U. S. volunteers, regulars, discharged men, discharged teamsters, and quartermasters' employes furnish an opportunity of preaching the gospel to large numbers. But after getting permission to hold a service, we sometimes find it quite difficult to get a suitable place; if it is cold, we have to hold the meeting below on the mess deck; here the men congregate to gamble their money

away, and it is often difficult to get a hearing, because of the noise and rattle. We have the interested, however, to listen to us, and sometimes a good gospel solo or duet will command the attention of even those who are interested in gambling. At some meetings many signify their desire to have us pray for them, while others come right out to serve Christ

and stand ready to bear the blunt of their action when persecuted by scoffers and despisers of Christian manhood ; such results give us inspiration to proclaim Christ, even under trying circumstances.

A CONGREGATION OF PRISONERS.

One evening we preached to 139 prisoners, and it would be a credit to any church to have a congregation as ready to sing with a vim as did those men.

Their familiarity with Sunday School hymns showed that a large proportion of them had been raised in Godly households, and had been taught in Sunday Schools when small boys. I asked any one who wished to speak a word for Jesus to do so, and a young man, with a noble face, stood up and told how and when he was saved, and said he had never lost his hope in God. In a private letter to me later he said he had had excessive duty imposed upon him, and that during the last half hour of his guard watch he had fallen asleep while guarding two Philippino prisoners in a convent, and accordingly was tried and sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a dishonorable discharge from the service.

About three hours after the meeting, eighteen prisoners escaped—but fifteen of them were captured and returned to the ship two days later ; they had suffered much from cold and hunger while hiding out among the hills—in fact several of them voluntarily gave themselves up.

CHRISTIAN SEAMEN'S APPEALS.

It is certainly an inspiration to attend gospel meetings where sailors take part. You are privileged to listen to many bright and witty sayings ; some of these men have had good education, and are able to express themselves in a very forcible way ; other Christian sailors, who have not been so fortunate as to have a good training in school, have had a good training under the Master. Many a sailor's Bible shows that it has been studied much.

Their prayers are often short, but to the point ; one sailor, a very earnest Christian, who was much concerned about the spiritual welfare of some of his shipmates, in his prayer for them one night said, "O Lord, cast them on their beam ends, so that they may see their need of thee."

A sailor is odd in his ways, made so by months of isolation from home and uplifting society, but God understands him and often uses him where he could not use us. Ages ago Jesus chose some men of the sea for His disciples, and they followed Him even to death. To-day Jesus is still knocking at their hearts' door, and some are heeding and following faithfully all the way.

Many people have said to me, "You can do nothing for these men who sail the sea ; they are bad men," but I will say that in my experience with sailors I find the great majority to be manly, honorable, and whole-hearted men, with the greatest respect for real Christianity and for all consistent Christians.

A SAILOR BROUGHT THE BIBLE TO JAPAN.

It is interesting to know how the Bible first got into Japan. A sailor was the first to bring the light, and the following is taken from the account given by Dr. Wm. Wright:—

“In 1854, the English fleet lay in Nagasaki harbor; this was four years before the ratification of the treaty of commerce. Japanese soldiers were assembled under the command of General Wakasa to prevent any communication between the foreign fleet and the people. The General sailed around the fleet in a swift boat to see that such communication was not held.

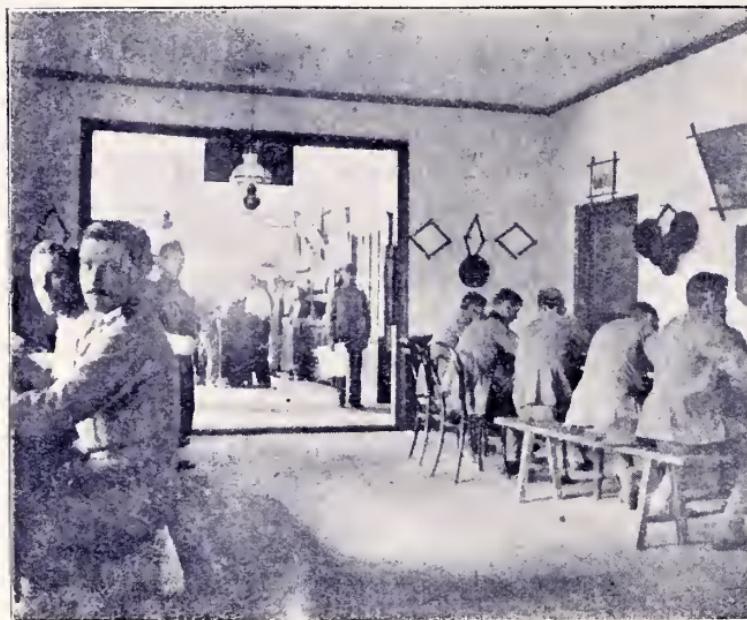
“During the stay of the fleet some sailor dropped a New Testament overboard. It was God’s bread sown upon the waters. The General on one of his rounds saw the book in the water, and being a Japanese, he was curious to know what the book contained. The book was carefully dried and taken to the interpreter, who happened to be a Dutchman. He declared it to be the Christians’ Bible that told of God and Christ and the future life. The General must know the contents, and on making further enquiries learned that the same book was translated into Chinese. He sent to China and procured a copy, and when he had leisure, he with four others commenced the study of the book.

“The study of the New Testament showed them the way to possess peace and happiness, and though Christianity was a forbidden religion at that time in Japan, Dr. Verbeck, of the Reformed Dutch Church of America, was visited by a brother of General Wakasa, asking for an explanation of certain passages.

“Dr. Verbeck gladly instructed him, and found him not only an apt but a grateful pupil; for early the following year he came to the missionary secretly by night, and at the peril

of his life warned Dr. Verbeck of impending danger. Dr. Verbeck escaped and went to China until it was safe to come back. Later these first fruits were baptised and became active workers for Jesus in this dark land.

"March 30th, 1880, the text of the New Testament was completed, and the first New Testament in the Japanese tongue was published on the 17th of April of the same year."



Soldiers writing a letter home.

*A PROVIDENTIAL
BEGINNING.*

As we look back to the beginning, four years ago, when on every hand discouragement stared us in the face, we cannot help seeing the hand of God guiding in all matters. Many a dark day has passed, and we have often wondered where money would come from to keep the Home open, but when God undertakes things, nothing is impossible. The beginning therefore was providential, and was to supply a need for many of God's children.

At the time the first money was given toward the opening of such a home, the world was never in a more peaceful state, and the importance of their action was not realized at the time. They gave the money simply thinking it would provide for themselves—and many more—a shelter from temptation when ashore.

Now conditions have changed ; the world has never been in a more unsettled state. The different governments are sending many large warships to the East, carrying from 200 to 900 men each. Soldiers are coming to, and going from, the Philippines. Nagasaki is the strategic point, and thousands of enlisted men of all nationalities, as well as seamen from transports and merchant vessels, land here, and really are placed in a more dangerous position than if they were at sea in a storm.

Most of these men come ashore to see a Japanese city, the Japanese people, and to buy some curios. Many go aboard in such an intoxicated condition that they will never be able to tell their friends anything about the sights or the people. Hundreds come to the Home and get their meals, beds, etc. Where else can they go, but to a place that sells the cursed drink ? This is the only place in Nagasaki that does not sell strong drink, and represents the only Christian work being done for seamen and soldiers.

Many expressions of gratitude have been showered upon us for the comfortable Home. Many curses have been showered upon us too by another class, the despisers of everything good. In our experience with this class, God's grace had been sufficient for us, " and if God be for us, who can be against us ? "

WANTED: INFLUENCE.

Influence for God cannot be purchased; it is only by a clean life, a devoted life to Christ's work that we can ever hope to have influence with men. There are Christians—and Christians; but the Christian man who can get the confidence of his brother is the one who lives nearest to God; the one who, under all the trying circumstances of life, comes out clean and untainted by the many temptations thrown in his way.

A short time ago I was visiting some Christian sailors on a British warship then lying in the harbor. A warrant officer on the ship, who is a very consistent and active worker for the Master, told me of a chaplain who had once said to him, "How I would like to have as much influence with the men as you have." "Well," said the officer, "that is easy, you can have it; just come down to our meeting in the stoke-hole to-night and help us."

The chaplain, rather surprised, said, "What! go down into the stoke-hole? I—I—I would be willing to go to the mess deck to a meeting, but down into the stoke-hole, I could not do that." The officer explained to the chaplain that if he went to the mess deck to hold a meeting he was going into the sailors' home; that such an act would be considered an intrusion and would arouse a feeling of resentment in the hearts of the men whom he wished to influence, but that the stoke-hole was where the men went to meetings by choice.

The chaplain then said, "I would give anything if I were a total abstainer," whereupon the officer presented him with a pledge card and said, "Sign this now and live up to it, and you will find it will go far toward gaining you the influence with the men which you so much desire," and then added, "I will go forward and tell all the men that the chaplain has become a total abstainer."

The poor chaplain tried to excuse himself on the ground that he could not, of course, refuse his friends when they asked him to drink with them. He would have *purchased* influence if he could, but to *sacrifice* one lust or desire was more than he was willing to do.

The officer explained that the reason he himself had influence with the men was because he became one of them, and that he practised what he preached ; that as a result the men had respect for him, and would not insult him by asking him to drink.

If we want influence for Christ we must love Him to such an extent that we will do the things that are pleasing to Him, and we must love our neighbor who will see in us the true man.

We have many things to be thankful for, and we do praise God for all His many blessings ; to Him we give the praise and glory. Many friends



The Soda Water Fountain.

have come to understand the great need of such a home for men who are *tossed about* "with many a conflict and many a doubt."

One of the greatest blessings that has been bestowed upon the work was the gift of a soda water fountain by the Misses Wortman, of Carliz, Ohio. This is the only soda water fountain

in the Far East, except at Manila and Shanghai. Many men have walked past saloons to come to the Home for a good drink of ice cream soda, and to say they appreciate a good drink does not half express it; one has to see the expression on their faces, hear the satisfied "smack" of their lips, and the order "fill them up again, please," to *appreciate* their *appreciation*.

Our most hearty thanks are due also to Miss Antoinette P. Jones, of Falmouth, Mass. Miss Jones' effort to make the Home comfortable for all who come is evident. The Carlton H. Jenck's memorial room, with its fourteen nicely furnished iron spring beds, is a monument to her untiring energy and love for the work.

Our new addition of ten rooms will soon receive furniture from friends whom she has interested in Jack's comfort. Each room will be called by a name suggested by the donor. Our rooms are mostly



Miss JONES at her Desk.

named after ships, as follows: Olympia, Concord, Baltimore, Charleston, Edgar, Centurion, Yorktown, and Newark. Several of the single rooms in the new addition will be memorial rooms to deceased friends.

“Music hath charms,” and I am sure that good gospel music has its effect on the hearts of men sometimes when words do not. Just before the outbreak in Tientsin, China, we received from the Rev. Herbert E. House and Mrs. House a most beautiful piano, that they had been using in a similar work for seamen and soldiers at Tientsin. When Mr. House left his home at Sangatuck, Mich., for China, the piano was given to him for his work, by Mrs. Hoffman, of Chicago, Ill. Since receiving this piano our meetings are noticeable for the hearty praise worship, the piano being such a help.

When we hold meetings on ships, too, we must have music that will help to attract—to “draw”—the men; and for this need Mr. W. C. Davies, of Tacoma, Washington, sent us sufficient money to purchase a fine Billhorn organ, which weighs but thirty pounds. The strength of tone in this little organ, is sufficient, however, for open air meetings.

Many others have contributed their part in improving the comfort and appearance of the Home. To all who have given in any way, to all who have brought us before the throne of God in prayer, we give thanks from the bottom of our hearts.

In conclusion, let me ask of the reader one favor. Our reading room is only an excuse for a reading-room, for want of something to read. Will *you* kindly mail to us occasionally (putting on sufficient postage for foreign mail) one or two copies of good periodicals or illustrated weeklies, after you have read them.

Address, C. E. SEAMEN'S HOME,
Nagasaki, Japan.

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